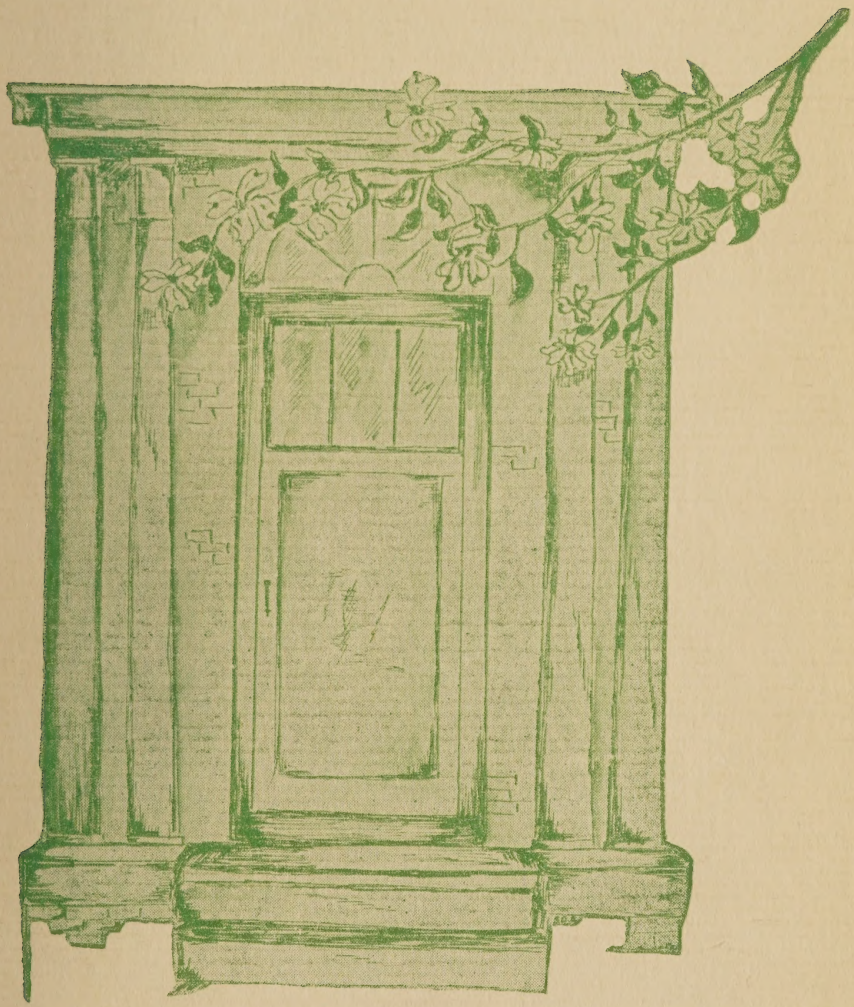
The Quill



Spring 1948

The Quill

STUDENT LITERARY MAGAZINE

QUEENS COLLEGE

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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Georgia Spring

BARBARA JEAN FANT

Red hills are washed by sudden rain, and pines,
Wind blown, turn bright new green. The fields
Again are filled with smells of fresh turned earth.
The streams and rivers hum a lazy song
That's echoed by a farm boy as he hoes.

The cities wake and stir and spring to life
More bright and vibrant than before. At night
The many colored lights dance down wet streets,
And traffic makes a symphony of noise
That fills the hearts of those who love their own.

Throughout this land, then, spring has come again.
Its sounds and smells and sights all hold a hope
That rises from the sweet red soil itself.
Now quickened hearts begin to sing and glow
In all the beauty of a Georgia spring.

Protecting Interests

Betty Jane Booream

Amy straightened her small, slim back, then turned again to her typewriter. She was a small girl—small, dark. Her hair was naturally curly—not much though, just enough to turn up all around her well-shaped head. Her eyes were dark brown, sometimes black, and the lovely brows over them were gently full. Her lips were dark red, and the lower lip was prettily petulant. And when she talked and smiled, you had to watch her lips; they were so fascinating in movement or in repose that they were almost hypnotic.

At the moment Amy's lower lip was just a little more pouting, and every now and then her small dark brows drew together in an annoyed little frown. Here she was sitting in this dull old office typing out all sorts of dull old reports on the citrus industry. What had ever made her take this job in the first place? These angry thoughts filled her usually calm and collected mind, and made her even more annoyed, hot, and bothered. "Yeah, I know why I'm sitting here in this office," she muttered; "I've got to have some more money in order to get that heavenly black formal. And why do I have to have that particularly expensive dress? 'Cause I'm gonna make an impression on Chuck Turner if it's the last thing I do. Talk about your dream men!" And she hit a particularly explosive blow on the typewriter.

"But he doesn't even notice me," she sighed to herself as she clattered on with the reports. "He's got his mind so entwined on that female wolf, Clair Roberts! And she puts stuff on her hair. But you can't just walk up to him and announce blithely: 'Did you know that Clair bleaches her hair?' Oh no, you can't tell him that. But a girl has to do something to protect her interests. Of course, you couldn't really call Chuck "my interests," but that's no fault of mine. The big oaf doesn't even notice me. But he will. Just wait and see. When I walk out with that black strapless that simply does things, he'll have to notice me."

And with that positive thought Amy yanked the completed reports from the machine and went into the other office to file them. She chuckled a moment as she thought how bewildering that file had been at first. But she'd already worked for the citrus packing plant for a week, and even the complicated file had seemed to lose its terrifying aspects. She'd even mastered that old telegram-sending machine with all its intricate insides that always seemed to get out of whack. She'd learned to fix that with the letter opener. The other day the manager had asked her if she wouldn't want to work on with them, but she had one more year of college to finish. And then, Chuck went to the same college, and things had to be accomplished this next year or never.

It was the busy part of the fruit packing industry in Florida. The trucks brought in loads of oranges and grapefruit every day. The machinery in the packing plant hummed industrially as the packers and graders went over the fruit as it ran along the snake-like conveyer belts. The packers picked the fruit off as it came by their station and packed it into crates. Then the crates were tagged and loaded into the box cars. Amy could watch the workers in the factory from the door of her small office. Through that door passed all sorts of people: illiterate country men came and wanted to sell their crops to the packing company; then prosperous men came with shipments of fruit from their many groves. She enjoyed the contact with these people.

A few days later as Amy pounded away on the typewriter, the telephone on her desk rang and she answered, "Central Florida Fruit Company." A very masculine voice asked for Mr. Hardin, the foreman. Amy answered that Mr. Hardin was not in, but that she would take a message. The voice asked if she could tell him how much they were giving for fruit. Amy quoted the prices to him and wondered why the voice sounded so familiar. Then the other end of the line stated that he was Mr. Turner calling for the Turner Groves and that he would come over and talk with Mr. Hardin himself that afternoon. "Mr. Hardin will be in at about 2:30, Mr. Turner."

Then the full realization of the name came to Amy. Turner! She had forgotten that Chuck's father and uncle owned one of the finest orange and grapefruit producing groves in that part of the country. That could have been one of Chuck's brothers, or maybe even his uncle. But no, it had to be Chuck. And he would come this afternoon and see her working. Not that it was a crime to work, but the rest of her crowd was at the beach now and here she sat, plugging away at a cranky typewriter day after day during her summer vacation.

Then at approximately 2:25 that afternoon the worst of Amy's fears came. Chuck drove up in a light green convertible. "Well," Amy thought to herself, "here comes my man—I'll bet you anything he's getting ready to take Clair out to Kissenger Springs. Oh, well, my hopes were good ones anyway."

A tall and rangy young man swung up the steps to the office. He was undoubtedly handsome and athletic looking. His brown hair was closely cropped and slightly sun-bleached. The deep tan on his face and neck blended nicely with the khaki working shirt open at the neck. The sleeves were rolled up, showing his muscular and sunburned arms. Chuck looked up, started to speak, and then looked again. "Why, Amy Nowell, I thought you were down at the beach. Didn't your crowd go down to Yvonne's houseparty at Anna Maria?"

"Hello, Chuck. Yes, they left last week for the island. But I'm a working woman this summer, Chuck. Are you surprised?"

"Well, yes, Amy, I am. I didn't think you—I mean—well, I just didn't expect to find you working here. But you always were different from those girls." This last remark was accompanied by an admiring and interested look at the tiny girl sitting at the large desk.

"Won't you come sit down at Mr. Hardin's desk. The circulating fan makes it cooler there. Mr. Hardin will be back in a minute. He had to see about a load of Valencias for Tampa. Well, Chuck, what are you doing this summer? I haven't seen you since Clair's party."

"Uh-huh? What was that,, Amy?"

"Why, Chuck, you weren't even listening. I asked what you'd been doing this summer."

"I'm sorry, chick; I was wondering how you kept so cool looking in this hotbox. I've been working for dad this summer. It is interesting work. I like it because it's not all indoors."

"I like my work too. Except for that typewriter," and with an angry glare at the offending machine, Amy laughed. "One of us is going to win out, and at the moment I have my doubts."

Chuck laughed out loud at the thought of Amy's tackling the old-fashioned typewriter. "You're a spunky rascal, Amy. Say, how about taking a dip with me out at the Springs. You're off at five o'clock, aren't you? I could pick you up, and we could go by your house to get your stuff. My suit is in the car."

"But, but, Chuck. What about, I mean, wouldn't Clair----?"

"Clair? You mean Clair Roberts? Gosh no, Amy, I haven't seen Clair for two weeks. Can you go? A swim would be great—it's so hot today."

"Chuck, a swim is the very thing I need. Any time around five o'clock will be fine."

"I'll see you then, Amy. Here comes Mr. Hardin. I have to give him the reports of the expected crop from our Medulla groves. Hey, Amy, maybe you could go horseback riding with me Saturday afternoon." With a grin at Amy, Chuck moved into the inside office with Mr. Hardin.

"Oh, what wonderful brown eyes!" Amy collapsed on the swivel chair and sighed. "I think I'll buy some new jodphurs. What did I ever want with a sophisticated black formal?" Amy swung the chair around to face the huge desk and shook her fist at the forbidding typewriter. "You—even you can't scare me now," Amy threatend the machine and began industriously to bang away at the reluctant keys.

The Best Things

Barbara Hamby

Yes, Sally had had everything that a girl could want, everything except — but wait let me tell you about her. You see, Sally and I had been the best of friends.

It was spring. All of nature was clothed in a new light greenery. Sally and I were seniors and with the keenest anticipation we were looking forward to graduation and everything that went with it.

As I recall the facts, it seems that it was in English class that I received the note starting the events which were to change our relationship as friends. The note was concerning our escorts to the junior-senior prom. It said: "Jane, let's go to the prom with some college men! I've been dating one that I met at the beach last summer, and I'm sure that he has a friend who would date you." Well, I suppose that everyone knows how a high school girl feels about dating a college man. At any rate, I couldn't resist.

Later that week Sally told me that everything was set. "Jane, Cal has gotten you a date with Bob Carnes. He's going to call for you and then you are to meet Cal and me at my house. O.K.?

I sighed, "Yes, that's just wonderful. I really can't wait. Won't all the girls be envious?"

It might help you to understand the story better if I stop at this point to tell you something of Sally's home life. She didn't have an ordinary home; she had the kind that all of us have dreamed about. The home had everything. Sally had all the clothes and material things that she could wish for. Yet there was something strange about this home. There was an uncomfortable, unhappy feeling about it that grasped you at the door; it made an unwanted coldness creep through your bones. You see, Sally's mother was a divorcee, and the little time she spent with Sally was usually spent in buying the things that Sally wanted.

Some of the girls at school often discussed Sally and her mother. They intimated that the private lives of Sally and her mother were not all they should be. I paid no attention to these rumors, because I liked Sally, and I attributed their talk to a desire for idle gossip. As I look at the incidents now, though, I wonder if I liked Sally, or if I was envious of her ability to have all

of the things that I thought I wanted. When Sally had a date, her mother didn't tell her to be in at any time; in fact, she took little interest in Sally's friends.

My home life was just the opposite. My mother insisted that I observe early date hours, and she always made it a point to meet my boy friends. And of course, I thought that my mother was the most old-fashioned mother anywhere.

Well, the day of the junior-senior prom finally arrived. Bob Carnes sent me an orchid. It was beautiful and seemed to me to be the forerunner of a most excitable and enjoyable evening.

Bob called for me about eight-thirty that evening. I met him at the door. "Come on in, Bob," I said; "I want you to meet my parents."

Of course, mother and dad had to discuss the latest events with him. Then mother delivered the blow of the evening in just four words, "Be home at twelve." She didn't give any reason, but now I am sure that she knew more about the situation than she had let me know. We told her goodnight and headed for Sally's house.

When we arrived, Sally and Cal had already had a few drinks. Sally's mother was there, very beautiful and very gay. "Darling," she smiled, "be sure to have a good time tonight, and don't forget your keys. I probably won't be home when you get back."

Soon after we went to the club where we found the dance was in full swing. The soft strains of the music were floating out on the spring air and caressed us with its sweetness. Bob and I didn't want to waste any time in getting inside to join the dance, but Sally and Cal were reluctant. Finally, however, they yielded and came on inside with us.

At eleven-thirty I reminded Bob of the date deadline. We began looking for Sally and Cal, but we were unable to find them anywhere. One couple said that they had seen them heading towards a fishing shack on the river bank. We finally gave up the hunt and started for home. I later found out that Sally didn't get home until three-thirty that morning.

When we approached my home at midnight, the lights were shedding their beams into the warm darkness—mother and dad were waiting up for me. I know that I shall never forget how safe and comfortable our house looked that night. I think that it was at that moment that I realized for the first time what a home really was. It was the love of my wonderful parents and the care that only those who love can bestow. Never again would I envy Sally of those things which only money can buy. Sally couldn't be my friend anymore, I knew; I now felt sorry for her.

Song For Rebels

Barbara Jean Fant

You say that I'm a rebel?
Well then, rebel let me be.
Let me sail on seas uncharted, wild and proud.
What matters where I'm going
Just so long as I am free,
For my world is bounded by the wind and cloud.

I'll laugh at your conventions,
And I'll leave your rules behind.
I will love my life and live it as I want.
I will listen to the voices
That come stealing through my mind
As they beckon and tantalize and taunt.

I will say what I believe in,
I will fight for what I please
As I go my independent gypsy way.
Perhaps one day, if fate decrees,
You may bring me to my knees,
But you know that all the world is mine today.

Women Who Influenced Wordsworth and Coleridge

Buford Bobbitt

Much has been said of the friendships among the Romantic poets. The friendship between Coleridge and Wordsworth is known to be one of the major influences on the writing of both men. The close association of Wordsworth and Coleridge with the Southey family, with Charles and Mary Lamb, and with lesser writers of the period is often evidenced. Another interesting aspect of this period is the influence and position of the women who also belonged to this literary group. For their influence and literary contributions this group includes such outstanding women as Dorothy Wordsworth, Mary Hutchinson Wordsworth and her daughter Dora, Mary Lamb, Sara Coleridge, Harriet Martineau, Isabella Fenwick, Annette Vallon and her daughter Caroline.

The share of Wordsworth's fame which actually belongs to his sister Dorothy has seldom been questioned. Her accurately detailed observations of the beautiful countryside greatly enriched her brother's nature poems. Her journal, only a little less than poetry itself, contained many references to events and thoughts which may have inspired the poet's pen. Wordsworth received much from this intimate and interdependent companionship with Dorothy, and he never ceased to be grateful. When, in her last years, Dorothy's keen mind snapped, leaving her very few hours of clear thought, Wordsworth's devotion to her was almost pathetic in its earnestness. Though Wordsworth's genius is not to be minimized, his star of fame would have been less bright and lasting had not Dorothy added greatly to its glow.

Another great influence on Wordsworth's poetic genius was that of his wife, Mary Hutchinson Wordsworth. She was never the great source of poetic inspiration that Dorothy was to Wordsworth, but her quiet strength, unfailing devotion, and gentle appraisal and criticism of his works increased the poet's dependence upon her with every passing year. Always a gracious hostess, Mrs. Wordsworth managed well her home at Rydal Mount constantly overflowing with guests, nursed the sick, aided her husband in preparing manuscripts for printing, and soothed his spirits sorely depressed by Dorothy's illness. And all this was done with an air of tenderness and undisturbed calm.

The beloved Dora, named for her aunt, must not be left out in a consideration of Wordsworth's family. Though her health was delicate, her saucy ways and sharp wit delighted both Dorothy and William Wordsworth.

In 1841 she was married to Edward Quillinan, a widower, a writer of some merit, and a friend of her father's. Wordsworth, however, raised some objections to this marriage, fearing intensely the loss of his favorite child. Her death in 1847 was a very great sorrow to the poet and Mrs. Wordsworth.

The details of Wordsworth's youthful affair with the French girl, Annette Vallon, were hidden in secrecy until 1916. Originally this episode was included in the *Memoirs* published in 1857, but was deleted at the insistence of an intimate friend, Crabb Robinson. The affair took place during the French Revolution, at which time a Roman Catholic marriage was impossible. Mrs. Wordsworth and several of the poet's friends knew of the romance, although his sons were not told. Nevertheless, a friendly relationship continued between Wordsworth and Annette and their child, Caroline. Gifts were often exchanged, and on several occasions Wordsworth visited the Vallons in France. It was during one of these visits that he wrote one of his best sonnets, "It Is a Beauteous Evening." Caroline Vallon was by no means neglected by her father; he gave her an annuity for twenty years, at which time a final settlement was made upon her. But despite his generosity, Caroline's husband continued to make monetary demands, and for some years caused friction among the heirs of the poet.

One of the closest companions of Wordsworth's old age was Isabella Fenwick. Miss Fenwick was nearly sixty when she became intimate with the Wordsworth family. In these later years, however, the association was extremely close both during the revising of *The Prelude* and the dictation of many valuable notes concerning the inspiration of various poems. She became virtually a member of the family, exchanging long and frequent visits and joining with them on tours and excursions. Isabella Fenwick was not only a worshiper of the poet's genius but also a severe critic of his personal character and his narrow attitudes. Nevertheless, she completely endeared herself to the family and was regarded as a favorite aunt by the entire group.

One of the most unusual literary figures of the day was Harriet Martineau. Her childhood in a stern Unitarian home was severe. The rigorous discipline and strict methods of home education made the sensitive child gloomy, morbid, and extremely jealous. Ill health greatly restricted her youthful activities.

Miss Martineau began her literary career by publishing devotional exercises and articles in a Unitarian paper. Later her pen turned to novels, poems, and short stories. Her writing was filled with theological discussion and doctrine.

At the suggestion of a friend Miss Martineau tried mesmerism or hypnosis after her delicate condition of health had been pronounced incurable.

These mystical practices were so successful that a complete cure was effected within a short time; whereupon Miss Martineau discarded all of her former theological beliefs and turned her efforts to the advancement of mesmerism. Her arrival at the Lake District in 1845 could not have failed to attract attention. By many she was admired and genuinely liked, but her repudiation of accepted doctrine and her constant praises of mesmerism were sources of great annoyance to others.

Loyalty was a strong tie in this Romantic group. Though Mary Lamb outlived her brother by a number of years and was confined in an institution, she was never forgotten by her friends. Protected for years by her brother, Charles, from the stares and whispers of unthinking persons, Mary Lamb battled with recurring insanity during most of her adult lifetime. There were many times when her mind was clear, and it was then that she collaborated with Charles in writing *Tales from Shakespeare* and the story of the *Odyssey* for children. The tragic illness which was inherited from her father's family saddened the lives of all who knew Charles and Mary Lamb. Her first attack resulted in the inhuman stabbing of her mother in the presence of both Charles and Mr. Lamb. Subsequent attacks made it necessary for the afflicted sister and her brother to change lodgings frequently.

Although she possessed much of her illustrious father's intellect, Sarah Coleridge was more intimate both with Southey and Wordsworth during her younger years than with her father. She was a delicate child and preferred the gentle companionship of her cousin, Edith Southey, to the vivacity of Dora Wordsworth. In later years, however, Dora and Sara became extremely close friends. During Dora's last illness it was Sara who sat by her bedside for hours, marveling at her calm acceptance of death.

Sara's first literary efforts were in the field of translations from Greek and Latin classics and from the Romance languages. Her unusual abilities and delightful personality were directed into children's literature following her marriage in 1829 to her cousin, Henry Nelson Coleridge. Among her works for juveniles were *Pretty Lessons for Good Children* and the fairy tale, *Phantasmion*. After her husband's death in 1843 Sara continued the task of editing and annotating her father's writings. This was a long and arduous job; and although the title page bore Derwent's name as well as Sara's, it was largely due to her efforts that the work was completed.

To all of her friends Sara Coleridge was a charming person. She was an outstanding beauty, a gracious hostess, and a person of remarkable mental ability. Though she was a capable conversationalist on many subjects, she preferred, as did her father, the realms of abstract thought and psychology.

The woman whom Coleridge should never have married, Sara Fricker, must also be mentioned here. During impractical speculation concerning the Pantisocracy scheme, Coleridge unwisely made the third Pantisocrat to marry one of the Fricker sisters. The unfortunate couple, who were somewhat similar in personality, found happiness possible for them only in the most idyllic situations.

Thus we see some of the feminine influences for happiness and sorrow, for inspiration and dejection in the lives of the first two great Romantic poets. Dorothy, Mary, and Caroline Wordsworth, Sara Coleridge, and others figure prominently into the writings of both men. For this reason as well as for the interest which they as persons arouse, a consideration of the women of this period both adds to our knowledge and increases our appreciation of this Romantic group.

Smoke Dreams

Barbara Jean Fant

The smoke from Caesar's campfires curls up to
The sky, hangs there, and merges with the smoke from times
Long past. The flames from Troy, from Rome, and hills
Where once French armies camped when all the world
Was theirs, make smoke that rises—and then fades.
But even in that dark and angry mass
The men whose dreams are bright see other things.
And just as some build castles out of cloud
Through all the ages some have formed in mind
Majestic things from smoke which burned the worlds,
The hopes, and hearts of men without a dream.

For Each His Own

June Patterson

Everything in Bordenville is marked by gray streaks; they leave their mark on all who live there.

As the train pulled away from the drab building that served as the railroad station for Bordenville, Mary pressed her forehead against the window which was streaked with coal dust and remembered her mother's hatred for life there. She had promised her mother that after the funeral she would decide, decide whether to leave Bordenville far behind and go into the clean, beautiful world on the other side of the coal tipple or to stay in Bordenville and give herself to its drabness. She must decide between the life of her father's people that she had known during the seventeen years of her life in the mining camp. The main promise she had made to her mother was that her decision would be final and that there would be no looking back, no dreaming of the might-have-beens. Today she had made and acted upon that decision.

But was it disloyal to take one more glance at the life that could have been hers?

Charlene Meadows, Mary's mother, had been a beautiful girl. She had lived in the big white house on the corner of Main and Jefferson Streets. Her father had been a professor in the small college in Highlawns and Charlene had been the most promising of the young art students at the University. That was all before the war—the war that had come to make the world more beautiful and secure for people like Charlene. With the war had come Bill Ansley, and with his uniform and dashing spirit he had soon convinced Charlene that Bordenville was a beautiful mountain village and that mining was a job for a prince.

During the twenty-five years that Charlene had lived in the camp she never forgot the shock that she had experienced when she had stepped from the train platform and had seen the greyness of Bordenville huddled before her eyes. She felt as if the drabness were pushing at her from all sides and that she could create no beauty to combat it. She felt that her soul which loved beautiful color more than all else was being smothered in dirty gray streaks.

Bill had been surprised at her feelings for the valley he loved; and although he tried, he could never understand. At first he had painted the house each spring in an effort to please her, but the white paint was hardly dry before the gray streaks began to appear. Charlene had hung white frilly curtains for a time, but it was no use. Their sagging grayness depressed her even more than the dark feed-sack drapes of her neighbors. Only in her daughter had she been able to create beauty that would last.

Mary had been a lovely baby. Her mother had attempted to keep her away from the coal pits and had bathed her three and four times each day of her childhood. She had told her stories of people who had beautiful homes and led beautiful lives. Mary listened to these stories, and she looked at her mother's paintings, leaving upon them smudgy, gray finger prints. Mary had gone to the little school in Bordenville. She had learned among other things that even the mine has its social classes but that these made no difference to her chums. The little boys and girls studied a little and played a great deal in school because they seemed to know that their youth would be short and that soon they would pair off and erect more little gray cottages on the barren mountain side.

School days were happy days for Mary, but soon they were over. The night that she received her high school diploma she walked out beyond the coal tipple and sat down to look toward the mountain and all that was beyond. She could hardly imagine the freshness and the brightness that she had heard was there. She could scarcely picture the wide spaces and the endless expanse of ocean that her mother's paintings had revealed. Beside her sat John Harden, holding his diploma and looking down into the peaceful valley that was his home. As the moon dipped down behind the mountain, John kissed her and said with that kiss all that young lovers have ever said.

Charlene had been sick for a long time, and she had known that she would soon leave the gray valley. She was filled with a love for Bill and for Mary, but she had an inner sense of release that made her bright and cheerful until she closed her eyes in death.

This was the mother to whom Mary had made her promise that she would decide which life held more meaning for her. And as the train that could have carried her to the other world left the valley, Mary knew that in this valley she had found beauty and that the valley would forever be her home.

Sonnets On Byron

Buford Bobbitt

From An Enlightened Worshipper

O wicked man, whose charm so ruthless steals
The heart of every woman however prim,
Whose teasing, sparkling eye o'erfills the brim
Of vanity which every maiden feels,
Whose roving glance with romance ever deals
And cares not for the eye that teardrops dim,
Nor does their love, in truth, mean aught to him —
'Tis only adoration that appeals.

And yet his power is not the most supreme,
He cannot keep the wise heart with him long,
For love, though often wronged, is not a dream,
And must be fed more fully than with song.
Though we may laugh at Don Juan as he seems,
We still must pity one who is so wrong.

Lady Byron On The Eve Of Departure

My lord, whose every act doth tear my heart
With pain above the strength I have to bear,
My own eyes shamed by talk and idle stare
Can see but heartbreak in the tales they start.
If from your eye a tender glance would dart
Toward me alone—oh, gift so rare!
Your own sweet thoughts and love unmasked to share,
I have no other choice but to depart.

Farewell, my lord, and may your spirit rest
Untortured by the hearts you leave behind.
The harsh words of your fellows you may best
Erase by losing your own selfish mind.
And when at last you meet your final test,
I pray your judgment be both fair and kind.

Thoughts On Byron

O poor, misguided star! Your rays
Lend sparkle to the dark, unhappy night
And shine like beacons for the human fight
For freedom and the choice of one's own ways
To live. Though thoughts of self bedimmed your gaze
Into the soul's unceasing search for light,
Though pleasure oft meant more to you than right,
Your brilliant light will glow far past your days.

Your glistening beams shine brightly that is true,
But never quite attain the goal of high
And noble thought which is your aim. Too few
The lofty sentiments, too oft you try
To play the hero's part. But feel not blue—
Your youthful strength and vigor will not die.

Tom Moore To Lord Byron

My friend, though wronged, yet still my friend,
The guardian and guest of happiest hours
We spent alone amid earth's fairest flowers,
Whose happy spirit was so glad to lend
The thoughts and person which with joy did send
My heart to live again with endless dowers
Of charm and spirit which alone were ours,
For love you did most generously spend.

Say not that we may never rove again
Or sail like waves upon a moonlight sea.
For though this narrow world doth place a strain
Upon your spirit—still 'tis free,
And though your friends despair and give you pain,
This heart of Moore's shall e'er your servant be.

'Tis Springtime

Sara Flowers

I couldn't quite understand my roommate's glee as he flung open the door to our room and cried gaily, "Frank, did you know that in each year there are four seasons? And did you know further that this season, my friend, is the glorious one called spring?"

Now I had been rooming with Ray Schult ever since three years ago when we both set our hearts on gaining the so-called values of a college education, but never in all this time had I seen him as I saw him now — standing before me, grinning like a Cheshire cat and looking like the cat that had just swallowed the canary. Maybe the guy had just found he didn't flunk that economics test yesterday, or maybe he had just gone completely nuts. At any rate I decided the best thing to do was to humor him — after all, if he was fit for the booby-hatch, I'd better deliver him in as calm a condition as possible.

"Yes, my dear Ray, so I have been told. But may I be so brave and bold as to ask just why you happen to have hit upon so amazing a discovery all of a sudden?"

The answer I received was not exactly the one a person might expect from the captain of the college football team last fall—to say nothing of the fact that two nights ago he had won the bout that gained for him the title of the best boxer at L. S. U.

"Because," he replied quite dramatically, "a minute ago I saw the first flowers of spring poke their little heads out from under the places they had been hiding while Jack Frost was around! And that isn't all—I heard a little bird on the treetop singing the first song of the season."

Well, that did it! The chair I had tilted back to enjoy a few minutes of relaxation in came down on all fours, and I had to pick up from the floor the cigarette I had been smoking a few seconds before!

"Ray, for crying out loud, man, have you lost your mind?"

"And why should I have lost my mind just because I saw the flowers and heard the birds? You, my friend, have no appreciation of nature. Why, once Wordsworth said----"

"O. K., so you like the flowers and the birds. But had it dawned on you that while you are out communing with nature you are wasting valuable time you could be using in studying for that algebra test next week? And do you

further realize that if you don't pass that test you can't be captain of the baseball team as you were last year?"

"Algebra? Baseball? What are those things that come and go so fast in one's life as compared with the things of nature that are here long after man has ceased to be?"

There he stood—all six feet of him, telling me about the birds and the flowers! Why, Ray Schult didn't know a rose from a dandelion, and he used to throw pebbles at his next-door neighbor's canary to shut him up so he could figure out new plays for the football team! But now nothing mattered except the dear little flowers and the sweet little birds! What do you do with a guy like that? I was stumped; so I just sat there and watched him in amazement. He went over to the closet and pulled out his last year's spring suit. Before I knew what he was doing, he had it on and was standing in front of the mirror gazing into it while a look of great satisfaction spread slowly over his face. Suddenly he turned around.

"Frank," he said, "we've been pals a long time—right?"

"Yeah," I agreed—not too sure what I might be getting myself into. "Well, a pal—a real pal, I mean—is always ready to do a good turn for his buddy. Right?"

"Right," I said, but not too emphatically. I was beginning to wonder whether I wouldn't be playing safe to vow I was his greatest enemy.

"Well, Frank, it's like this: do you remember the cute little blonde I had a date with the other night? You know—Rose Andrews?"

So that was it! Ray had fallen in love! And after all the plans we'd made. No women for us till after school. Then we were going to travel and work a year or so. After that maybe we'd look at the opposite sex with the idea of matrimony in mind—but not for at least two years. How could he do this to me?

"Well," he continued, "Frank, she's just the grandest girl you've ever seen." Yeah, they all said that when they fell in love. Well, that guy really didn't have the brains I'd given him credit for. "And," above my talk to myself I could hear he was still talking, "I have a date with her tonight. But a friend is visiting her and—that's where you come in, pal."

"Oh, no!" I was quick on the draw that time. Maybe he wanted to commune with nature and quote Wordsworth, but I had my algebra to do. After all, I wanted to play baseball this season.

"O Frank, be a pal, will ya? Tell you what—if you'll date her just this once for me, I'll help you with your algebra when we get in, and I'll name you co-captain of the baseball team."

Well, now, maybe that would throw a different light on the subject. After all, one night with some dizzy dame couldn't be too bad, and I'd surely like being co-captain of the team.

"O. K., but only because you're a pal."

"Thanks a million, Frank. Her name is Annabelle Lee Forbes."

Good gracious, what a name! But only for one night—and Ray always could do algebra twice as fast I could. So I agreed to be ready at seven.

While I dressed for this crazy adventure, I thought of Ray. Suppose he kept up this nonsense? Right now he was reading Wordsworth's poetry on nature when he should be reading his history! That's what a girl can do to a guy. After all it's a man's world—taking a second glance at Ray, I added—until a woman comes along and he falls in love! Well, I'd have to think of some way to snap him out of it. After all, this was no time to desert your best buddy. He was in trouble—big trouble; why, this blonde female could be the ruin of Ray. He was no woman's man; he was a football player and a boxer! But now he wanted to make daisy chains and listen to the cooing of pigeons! Well, tonight I'd see this—this—contaminating creature of the opposite sex, and someway I'd manage to break up her play for Ray. I didn't know how—but I was certain of one thing—I had to get him out of her clutches before it was too late. Ray was anxious to leave; so I hurried, and together we set off to meet the poison of mankind!

Walking back after taking the girls home, Ray and I were both fairly silent. Suddenly he broke the silence.

"You're a real pal, Frank. I'll do the same for you some day. I know how you feel about women, but just think, you'll be co-captain of the baseball team, and we'll have our algebra done in half an hour."

"Baseball? Algebra? Ray, I think I'll stop by the book store and see if they have a copy of Edgar Allan Poe's poems. Did you ever read what he wrote about Annabelle Lee—and did you ever hear the waves beating against the shore? Poe certainly must have been a super fellow—I wonder if he did his writing in the spring?"

The Breach Between Wordsworth And Coleridge

Betty Sue Trulock

One of the most interesting of literary friendships is that which existed between two of the nineteenth-century British poets, William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge. It is important as well as interesting because of the decided influence that each had upon the other's life. This is one reason why it is so difficult to understand the breach in their friendship—to understand why two people who had meant so much to each other should ever separate. In studying the break in the friendship of these two men, we should consider first the core of the friendship itself.

The meeting of Wordsworth with Coleridge marks an epoch in both of their lives. They probably met at Bristol in 1795, and the period of close intimacy between them began in 1797 when the Wordsworths visited Coleridge at Nether Stowey. Not only was there a close companionship between Wordsworth and Coleridge, but also Coleridge and Dorothy, Wordsworth's sister, who was an important influence in both of their lives. A very warm friendship existed among the three lovers of poetry as indicated by Coleridge's statement "We are three people, but only one soul."[1] On a visit to Coleridge at Stowey the Wordsworths rented a house at Alfoxden, which was three miles from Nether Stowey. According to Dorothy, their principal inducement was Coleridge's society.[2]

After a time Wordsworth's brief acquaintance with Coleridge ripened into a deep friendship—a friendship that was to leave a lasting impression upon the works of both men. At first thought it may seem strange that two men so unlike in many respects should become such intimate friends; however, there were several things which drew them together. The first thing is that they held the same political views; they were both republicans. They were in sympathy with the fundamental principles which underlay the French Revolution—the principles of larger liberty for man, and the destruction of artificial class distinctions and privileges. And one of the strongest ties was the similarity in their appreciation of nature. The poetic sympathy which Coleridge felt and manifested for Wordsworth was an inspiration for Wordsworth's progress. Wordsworth's mental attitudes and philosophical moods were affected to a considerable degree by Coleridge. A good part of the influence exerted by Coleridge was due to "his philosophical mind, with its

[1]Sidney Lee, editor, "William Wordsworth," **Dictionary of National Biography**, p. 16.
[2]**Loc. cit.**

large perspective, its mystical vision, and its spiritual interpretation of reality."[3]

The poets took many walks together during the time spent in the Quantocks, and it was on one of these walks that they proposed to compose a joint ballad to pay for a tour. This was the beginning of "The Ancient Mariner" and the work on *Lyrical Ballads*. This joint publication which appeared in 1798 is one of the greatest contributions of all time to English literature. This was inspired chiefly from what they had learned from the lowly, common man, and from the way in which their spirits were touched by the beauty of nature in the Quantock Hills. "They both believed that creative and appreciative imagination engenders a love of nature and a love of man, and they did not hesitate to affirm that this love is a profoundly religious experience which owes its power to the mystical communion with a cosmic spirit."[4]

The Wordsworths enjoyed the several trips that were taken with Coleridge. In the latter part of the year 1798 they decided to visit Germany together, even though they did not settle in the same town.

After their return from Germany the Wordsworths went to visit the Hutchinsons at Sackburn-on-Tees, and Coleridge soon followed them. While they were there John and William Wordsworth and Coleridge made an excursion to the lakes. They were so impressed by the beauty of a vacant cottage at Town End, Grasmere, that Wordsworth decided to move there. Coleridge settled at Keswick in July, 1800, after a short stay at Dove Cottage, and he was constantly going over to Grasmere to visit the Wordsworths.

They were bound closer together by the ties of friendship during this period, and in 1803 Wordsworth, Dorothy, and Coleridge started a second tour of Scotland. It was during this tour that the Wordsworths became worried about Coleridge's health and his attitude toward things in life. Coleridge was probably greatly concerned with his domestic affairs, and he resorted more and more to the use of opium. On this trip he left the Wordsworths at Inversnaid, but Dorothy and William continued their tour of Scotland.

Later Coleridge decided to go abroad, and on his way to London he stopped by Dove Cottage. He became ill from the use of narcotics while he was there, and he had to remain for a time. When he became well, Wordsworth insisted that he accept a loan of one hundred pounds to enable him to travel; so he sailed for Malta on April 9, 1804.

During the two years that Coleridge was gone Wordsworth was working much of the time on *The Prelude*. This is his great autobiographical work

(*Continued on Page 27*)

[3]E. Hershey Sneath, **Wordsworth—Poet of Nature and Poet of man**, p. 90.

[4]Newton Phelps Stallknecht, "The Doctrine of Coleridge's **Dejection** and its Relation to Wordsworth's Philosophy," **PMLA**, Vol. XLIL, (March 1934), p. 196

Book Reviews

Thornton Wilder: The Ides Of March

Barbara Jean Fant

With the same freshness of style and originality of viewpoint that has won him three Pulitzer prizes, Thornton Wilder has written a new historical novel, *The Ides of March*. The book is, of course, essentially the story of Julius Caesar. The Caesar pictured by Mr. Wilder is not, however, the stiff and stern conqueror of continents found in textbooks, but an extremely vivid and believable person.

The story is told by means of imaginary letters to Caesar and records by him or about his affairs. The characters thus created are sharp and real, and through their eyes the splendor and pomp of ancient Rome lives again. There are letters of love between Caesar and Cleopatra, of friendship between Clodia Pulcher and Caesar's wife, Pompeia, and of rebellion and hate by the "Council of Twenty." Through them all the reader sees the plots and intrigue that led to Caesar's death, the dictator's character that made him great, and the personalities of those who loved or hated him.

The author's stated purpose in this novel is to create "a fantasia on certain events and persons of the last days of the Roman republic." And he has done so well at this task that the whole age is made fascinating and enjoyable to the reader, who becomes familiar with not only the people but their customs, habits, and religion. Few liberties are taken with actual historical fact; so the work rings true down to the little bits of scandal and gossip exchanged in the letters. Mr. Wilder has made Julius Caesar and his time live again even as they did in the first century before Christ.

Merle Miller: That Winter

Goldie Barron

Merle Miller, a young correspondent who has recently published a novel entitled *That Winter,* has proved to the public that he deserves a place among the great novelists of today. Mr. Miller in his semi-autobiographical novel tells the touching story of three bewildered and unhappy young veterans of World War II.

Mr. Miller, himself a veteran of the war, has had experience in the field of writing through his work on *Yank* and *Time*. He is at present an editor of *Harper's*.

In this novel Mr. Miller presents a touching picture of the type of society in which he finds himself. All the main characters in the story drink entirely too much and to some of us may not seem to be true to life. They are, however, well-depicted and make an interesting story. Each of the three main characters had been deeply affected by the war—Ted Hamilton, the son of an extravagant, wealthy man, lost an arm; Lew Cole, a Jew who changed his name to escape some of the prejudices against his race, is lost because he failed to find the self-respect he longed for; and Peter, the narrator and a young small-town writer, has never found a chance to write his long-planned novel. The stories of these three combine to make an impressive novel. Undeniably, Mr. Miller puts his finger right on many of the sore spots of our present society.

That Winter, though perhaps shocking and disillusioning to some, is well worth reading. And its author, Merle Miller, will bear watching in the future.

Thomas B. Costain: The Moneyman

George Eudy

The Moneyman by Thomas B. Costain is a novel depicting vividly the excitement of the reign of Charles VII of France. In his new historical novel Mr. Costain upholds his position gained from his recent story of *The Black Rose*. *The Moneyman* is concerned with the life of Jacques Coeur who was the king's moneyman—or what we might call today a minister of finance.

As with most historical novels, the book is filled with love, intrigue, daring swordplay as well as moral, spiritual, and political corruption. Coeur, however, was an admirable character and is portrayed by Mr. Costain in a most entertaining manner. Coeur realized that peace was what his people needed and that the only way to achieve it was to get rid of the English. Hence his efforts in the story are bent toward a war which he supported in large measure by himself. Coeur, who was a self-made man, had risen to the position of one of the most wealthy men in France. He worked hard for what he thought to be right only to suffer personal defeat in the end.

The story, though similar in the main to other historical novels, presents characters well-portrayed, authentic historical background, and an excellent plot—all in the entertaining style of Thomas B. Costain.

EDITORIALS

Today's Motion Pictures

JANE EDMONDS

"Daring!" "When they clash it's wildfire!" "Shocking!" "Emotion as violent as the era that spawned them"—these are just a few of the phrases used in the average motion picture advertisement. Such adjectives as *tremendous, spectacular,* and *magnificent* are widely circulated throughout every preview of a forthcoming picture. The motion picture industry has turned to an emphasis on the spectacular in its advertising policy. We ask ourselves why the screen has changed from pictures of common American everyday life to ones of dark intrigue and intense emotion. We feel that it is the fault of not only the motion picture producers, but of the American public also.

The movie maker's aim is to please the audiences and to give them what they want. We noticed in a poll of recent pictures that the ones which netted the largest proceeds were not stories of "plain Jane," but of wild adventure and illicit love. If we were to approach Mr. and Mrs. America with a question of the quality of the modern motion picture and best-sellers, they would undoubtedly voice their ardent disapproval of the subject matter. However, on second glance their bookcase probably contains several of the condemned books; and who should we see standing in the ticket line of the local theater showing one of "those disgusting pictures" but Mr. and Mrs. America? We feel that if the movie-going public raised their voices in protest Hollywood would waste no time in cleaning up their productions.

However, we cannot place all the blame upon the people. The motion picture producers have done an excellent job of building the public up for a letdown. Judging only from advance notices, we would naturally assume that every picture was an Academy Award masterpiece. On the contrary, we have noticed the pictures with the most elaborate advertising are usually the most disappointing; but the producers still have achieved a record-breaking attendance. Many people are attracted to pictures advertised as being as boldly truthful as the book from which they were adapted. As a rule, however, the only similarity between the picture and the book is the fact

that the characters possess the same names. We have observed the way many pictures are advertised as containing a secret such as "What was Mary hiding," or "Will the world learn the truth about John?" Thus the public's curiosity is immediately aroused. Usually Mary is just from the wrong side of the tracks, or John is really not a millionaire. In our opinion it is Hollywood's duty to be honest in their interpretation of their products to the public.

We consider that another product of motion pictures which is often at fault is the fan magazine. A growing problem in America is the idolizing of motion picture actors by the fans. If Selene Lamour cuts her hair short, for weeks the beauty parlors do a thriving business in hair cutting. Motion picture magazines only accent the star's virtues. According to the magazine, the star of "Night in Paradise" is really misunderstood. The reason for her tempestuous temper is the fact that she longs for a home and family, where she can cook and sew, instead of her present life of night clubs, minks, and millions. Brent Trent, who is really like the boy next door, only fights in public because he secretly yearns for the life of a common laborer. We do not mean to imply that every actor possesses a degrading character, but we do believe that fan magazines tend to excuse the faults of actors and to idealize them in the eyes of the public.

It is not our sole purpose however to criticize the motion picture industry. We willingly admit that pictures have done much in the education field. Through the camera the average American has had the privilege of seeing things and places which circumstances would not have permitted otherwise. The motion picture industry has provided an inexpensive pleasure for the common masses unable to afford concerts and theaters. The truly great actors have presented to the American public many enriching performances. We should all be grateful for the public services which the entertainment world rendered during the war. It is our belief, however, that if a whole hearted effort was made to correct the faults, the industry could carve an irreplaceable niche in a democratic life.

War or Peace

Bettina Marable

We could almost wish that we had the power to bring Mr. Tolstoy back to earth for a little while. What more could he tell us concerning this eternal question of war or peace? Would that the problems of the world could be solved as problems with only one answer, but there are many aspects to our own world situation—too many, it seems, for the human mind alone to solve.

Man is forever in a state of confusion and unrest. Things are never what they should be, and man must seek to better the situation. To be completely satisfied would be a dangerous thing, too, but it seems that we are in a rut with our dissatisfaction. Yes, we are always dissatisfied, but few of us do anything about it. We just sit back and wait for the other fellow to do something.

Our world needs strong, hard workers — those strong in faith and determination to make a peace that will last. The United Nations Organization cannot do the job alone, nor can any one organization. It needs the support of every man, woman, and child in the whole wide world; it is up to us to help it secure that support. The movement toward peace must be founded on Christian principles and truth if we expect to accomplish anything. Christian education must wipe out the widespread greed, hatred, and selfishness from the four corners of the earth.

We cannot afford to allow a few men with warped minds — those who still remain in power in various parts of the world today even while others are being punished — to lead us into another world conflict where men fight blindly, some scarcely knowing what they fight for, and where innocent babies and children become the victims of heartless murderers. Should the fault be ours in neglect of our duty, we should certainly have the loss of countless lives to account for on the coming day of judgment.

Now is the time to prepare for peace and not for war. A preparation for peace will require every ounce of energy and resource which we can muster here and now. The solution to the age-old question of war or peace will be found in the cooperation and determination of Christian men. There can be no alternative.

The Greater Queens

Belva Morse

A few months ago as we looked toward the back campus we saw only tall trees and grass. Today, however, as we look in that direction we see a red chimney towering above the tree tops, a red chimney that symbolizes much for all of us. The "greater Queens" we have looked forward to is no longer a series of buildings submitted on paper by an architect but a reality, for we have begun to build.

This red chimney is a part of the new heating plant which is now well under way. And as soon as the plant is ready for use, work will begin on the science building. Last year the General Education Board voted to appropriate fifteen thousand dollars for the improvement of the science building provided that Queens could match that sum. Our board of trustees voted to set its goal, however, at fifty-five thousand rather than fifteen, and so far fifty thousand has been secured in pledges. The renovation of this building will begin with the removal of the heating plant.

The board of trustees has recently approved the erection of additional classrooms and faculty offices in a building that, in due time, is to be made into a permanent structure. It will be built above the May Day Dell and will run parallel with Morrison Dormitory. It will become, eventually, the left wing of the student union.

Plans are being made, also, to enlarge the library. The Bible and language rooms will be done away with, and the library will cover that area of the second floor.

Although we cannot say definitely that upon returning to Queens next year, one will find that these changes have been completed, we know that every effort will be made to realize this goal. Queens has taken her first big step forward and is now ready to start down that pathway that will result in a greater Queens for you and me.

The Breach Between Wordsworth And Coleridge

(*Continued from Page 20*)

which was written to Coleridge and in which he expresses the mental and spiritual development of a poet. He paid a great tribute to Coleridge in addressing the poem to him, and throughout the work there are numerous specific tributes written directly to him. In one of them he expresses his great debt to Coleridge as one of the guiding influences in his life:

> "With such a theme,
> Coleridge! with this my argument, of thee
> Shall I be silent? O capacious Soul!
> Placed on this earth to love and understand,
> And from thy presence shed the light of love,
> Shall I be mute, ere thou be spoken of?
> Thy kindred influence to my heart of hearts
> Did also find its way."[5]

There are many lines which begin with the words "O Friend" and "Dear Friend." Throughout *The Prelude* the feeling of Wordsworth toward Coleridge can be followed during the period of their friendship.

When Coleridge returned to England in August, 1806, he had become so addicted to opium that he accepted little or no responsibility. He did not even tell the Wordsworths what his plans were or come to see them until October. This was the first noticeable indication that the two friends were not as close as they had been previously. However, he did come with Hartley in October to stay with the Wordsworths who were now living at Caleorton for the winter. Other than his association with Hartley he seems to have been completely separated from his family during this time. It grieved the Wordsworths to see what a great change had come over Coleridge. He remained with them for nearly two months, and it was during this time that Wordsworth recited *The Prelude* to him. Coleridge wrote a reply to this, "To A Gentleman," in the last stanza of which the deep impression made upon him can be seen:

> "And when—O Friend! my comforter and guide!
> Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!—
> Thy long sustained Song finally closed,

[5]**The Prelude** (1850), Book XIV, lines 275-82

And thy deep voice had ceased—yet thou thyself
Were still before my eyes, and round us both
That happy vision of beloved faces—
Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close
I sate, my being blended in one thought
(Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?)
Absorbed, yet hanging still upon the sound—
And when I rose, I found myself in prayer."[6]

As Wordsworth's creative ability continued to grow, it seems that Coleridge's power declined, and Coleridge began to grow more aware of this difference. He became bitter, and in his bitterness he became jealous of Wordsworth. "Professor de Selincourt says that he wrote his fears and suspicions down in notebooks and brooded over them: 'He knew them to be unworthy alike of his friends and of himself as he wrote them down; but by committing them to paper and brooding over them he gave them a stronger hold upon him'."[7]

Although Coleridge probably knew nothing of the revision of *The Prelude* in which Wordsworth omitted or changed some of the personal references to him, he would have been under no obligation to retain them since Coleridge had removed Wordsworth's name from all of his own poems. Under no circumstances may we say, however, that Wordsworth later found his rich friendship with Coleridge something to be pushed into the background of the story of his life and forgotten, but rather as such an enriching experience that he must add to it. There are many instances in which Wordsworth enlarges upon the tributes paid to Coleridge; so the revision was not made just to take out some of the personal references made to Coleridge.

When Wordsworth was in his sixties, he made a change in regard to Coleridge's opinion of him. The line—

"Hast stationed me for reverence and love"

gives place to

"Hast placed me high above my best deserts." (III 325:321)[8]

"When we consider all that Wordsworth had suffered for Coleridge in the years between the writing of these two lines, it seems remarkable that the mind of Wordsworth should have survived his disappointment marked only by a deeper gratitude for what Coleridge had done in the first years of their friendship. As far as *The Prelude* is concerned it is as if Coleridge had died after the first version was written and all the revisions concerning him

[6]Samuel T. Coleridge, "To William Wordsworth" (1807)
[7]Frederika Beatty, **William Wordsworth of Rydal Mount**, p. 114
[8]Mary E. Burton, **The One Wordsworth**, p. 114

had been hallowed by the memory of that great friendship. Surely Coleridge himself did little enough in the intervening years to strengthen the tie; the growth was in Wordsworth's own heart."[9]

After Coleridge went to London the Wordsworths heard nothing from him in spite of the many letters they wrote to him. In February, 1808, Coleridge became ill, and Wordsworth immediately went to London to be with him. Mr. de Selincourt states that "his illness was rather of the mind than of the body. William had often to wait till four o'clock in the afternoon to gain admittance to him, and then saw no appearance of disease which could not have been cured, or at least prevented by himself."[10]

Coleridge was helped somewhat by Wordsworth, and he did improve to some extent under his influence; but shortly afterwards he renewed his old suspicions. He developed what seemed to be a persecution complex, convincing himself of the fact that everyone was scheming against him. "In his morbidness he wrote Wordsworth a passionate letter 'accusing him of petty jealousy, and of lukewarm friendship even when he was not actually siding with his enemies against him,' and accusing Mrs. Wordsworth and Dorothy of reading his letters to Sara Hutchinson and infusing into her mind the notion that Coleridge's attachment for her had been the curse of his happiness. Incapable now of generous friendship, Coleridge had to blame someone else for his own failure."[11]

In the meantime the Wordsworths had moved from Dove Cottage to Allan Bank. They settled there in the autumn of 1808, and Coleridge lived there with them from September until May, 1810. DeQuincey, who had recently become Coleridge's friend, was also a guest at Allan Bank at this time. Coleridge's children visited him there from time to time. He went to visit Sara at Keswick with the supposed intention of staying ten days, but he stayed there five months.

Coleridge had been working on the *Friend,* and after the failure of its publication he had decided to go to London to live with the Montagus. Wordsworth, on hearing this and knowing the condition that Coleridge was in, probably felt it his duty to warn Montagu about this. He knew that Coleridge would be a great responsibility to him; so he told him about some of Coleridge's bad habits. Montagu told Coleridge what Wordsworth had said in a much exaggerated way, and Coleridge, in his bad mental and physical condition, became very much distressed. He confided in the Morgans, the Lambs, Mrs. Clarkson, and other friends rather than in Wordsworth, and he refused to have anything else to do with the Wordsworth family. He left the Montagus and went to live with the Morgans.

9Ibid.
10Beatty, op. cit., p. 115
11Ibid. p. 115

Coleridge's mental attitude became worse; and when in the spring of 1812 he was visiting in the Lake Country, he would not go to Grasmere. Dorothy did everything that she could to persuade him to come, but she was never successful.

Although Coleridge makes it evident that the reason for the quarrel was the warning the Wordsworths sent Montagu, others believe that it was really more than that. The warning gave Coleridge a good basis to fix his morbid fancies upon, and he exaggerated his hurt. Miss Beatty says that "the real cause of the break was the later inequality of the men who had once been intimate, and Coleridge's realization of this equality. Coleridge could accept hospitality and even money from Wordsworth, but he could not face the fact that he was weak-willed and Wordsworth self-reliant. It has been easy to blame the stronger character, but Hartley and Sara Coleridge did not blame Wordsworth."[12]

Mrs. Thomas Clarkson said that Wordsworth's conduct had been "affectionate and forbearing throughout," but she blamed Coleridge for acting the way he did.[13]

Crabb Robinson helped more than anyone else toward the supposed reconciliation of the two. He was on friendly terms with both of them, and when Coleridge came to London in May, 1812, he went to him and heard his side of the story. Afterwards he related to Wordsworth what Coleridge had said. Wordsworth denied almost everything, although he could not deny having said something which would be painful to Coleridge. He could say, however, that he did not send any such message to Coleridge or use the words that Coleridge had repeated. He may have used the word "nuisance," applying it to some of Coleridge's habits, but he did not use the term in regard to Coleridge himself. Finally, Robinson got from Coleridge a plain statement in writing of what Montagu had reported Wordsworth to have said, and Wordsworth answered this to the satisfaction of Coleridge so that he was willing to accept his statements and renew the friendship.

When Wordsworth's son died, Coleridge wrote a very warm letter of condolence. There was included a reference to his feeling for Sara Hutchinson of which Wordsworth probably disapproved. At any rate, he did not answer for some time; but when he did write, he invited Coleridge to Grasmere, telling him that his presence would be a great comfort to him. Coleridge did not reply and went to the seaside instead of to Grasmere.

Some letters in regard to poetical points were written in 1815, but "the friendship was not re-established until 1817 and never regained its old warmth."[14]

12Ibid. p. 112
13Ibid. p. 116
14Dictionary of National Biography, p. 18

Coleridge regarded the quarrel as one of the four "grasping sorrows of his life." Ten years after the supposed reconciliation Coleridge was telling Thomas Allsop of the "four gripping and grasping sorrows" of his life: "The second commenced on the night of my arrival (from Grasmere) in town with Mr. and Mrs. Montagu, when all the superstructure raised by my idolatrous fancy during an enthusiastic and self-sacrificing Friendship of fifteen years—the strong summer of my Life—burst like a Bubble."[15]

Wordsworth never ceased to love Coleridge, and his lasting affection for him was evident even after Coleridge's death. He always spoke favorably of him in conversations and held him in high regard. To Aubrey de Vere Wordsworth said "that he had known many clever men, and many of real ability, but few of genius: 'and only one whom I should call wonderful.' That one was Coleridge."[16]

15Beatty, **op. cit.**, p. 118
16**Ibid.** p. 119